

PICTURE OF NEW YORK IN FEVER TIME.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE.

Yellow Fever.—Is it not possible that by talking and thinking so much of Yellow Fever, that mole hills are swelled into mountains, and trifling dangers considerably magnified? How stands the account? Two cases now and two cases then—all from the infected district, which is under lock and key, and over every other part of the city tranquillity and health preside. Our evening papers also, lend too bountiful a hand at keeping the subject alive. On Saturday, after sprinkling a little camphor from our black silk bag over the American—dipping Doctor Coleman in vinegar—strewn a few cloves of garlic over Mr. Stone—and drying the Statesman before a sea-coal fire, I proceeded to read them all.

The American had near *three* columns—very sensible and judicious—but all about yellow fever, Doctor Coleman scolds roundly on the subject, and swears that the fever came from some West-India vessels, which I am more than half inclined to believe. Mr. Stone falls crying because he gets no credit for all his reports, and expresses his great regret that so many of his deaths proves to be still alive. Now, gentlemen, sweet gentlemen, without concealing any real danger, is it not better just to publish the reports of the Board of Health, and let them speak for themselves? There are some croakers—some long-faced, head-shaking, gentlemen, who surmise that the Board does not receive all the reports of cases, but the public are always in advance of the Board. Such is the suspicion and scrutiny, that cases are known before they are reported; and really, as yet, there does not appear to us any serious grounds of alarm.

About the infected district, the neighborhood looks gloomy, but up town every thing is brisk.—In the park, and in the vicinity of the City Hall, people move about in crowds. Public Gardens and places of amusement are frequented, and a judicious elevation of spirit seems to prevail over the alarm.

We all know, that the sum total of deaths in the Old Slip was about sixty, and by vacating the infected district, the disease was always checked.

When you know where the enemy lurks, you may certainly avoid him. Then let us not magnify the danger, but keep ourselves cool and comfortable—give the infected district a wide birth, and take the good and evil with philosophy.

We are not the only ones that think this plan is the wisest. We passed by a boarding house in Broadway, after dinner, just time enough to catch the last stanza of a Bacchanalian song, which intermingled its sounds with the clapping of hands and the jingling of glasses—it ran thus:

“Come drink my boys, and let us not flinch,
“For I buys my liquor of Dominic Lynch.”

There's you true philosophy for you. Falstaff says “A good sherris sack ascends me into the brain.” Now, though hard drinking is vile and abominable, yet Dr. Coleman will tell you that a glass of Nabob or good Falernian is quite the thing in these dull times—if you can get it.